THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SAME SIZE SHOE

QUITE apart from all such matters as the tariff, the United States is today a spectacle which fills many citizens of the old world with terror and foreboding. Henri Massis, who is of course more than relatively extremist in tendency, writes that the "destiny of man" is at stake, that civilization is in real peril of two kinds of barbarism, one Russian and the other American. The popularity of Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair abroad, even in translations studded with ridiculous errors, is another testimonial to the same prevalent fears. Oddly enough it is Chicago—stockyards and Tribune, west side apartments and the night clubs—which seem to arouse the greatest consternation. Doubtless there is some justification for this alarm, which we shall consider in a moment. But it is worth while noting that the American impressions of M. Massis are surprisingly like the idea of France which former generations of well-reared tourists brought home with them. Naturally the source of alarm is different. We felt that Paris was the fountainhead of moral decay; the French believe that Chicago is, when considered from the vantage-ground of civilization, something very like hell. Indeed, M. Massis does not fail to suggest that it is "an Inferno without an Alighieri." And who can forget the dozens of American moralists who wrote that Satan himself had taken charge of the city on the Seine, and might be seen there any time, preferably after midnight?

Now if we are honest we shall concede that the development of the United States has not always been a credit to the human race. Even though the vast majority of its citizens hailed from the far-famed "Occident" and still cling to accents acquired there, greed and irrationality often rode in command of the vast hordes which rushed to the conquest of a new world. Reason was understood as little here as abroad. While the King of the Hessians (comparable in this respect with most monarchs of the golden age) sold his subjects to foreign generals in need of recruits, captains of enterprise in the United States bought theirs where obtainable, without squeamishness. Terrestial mysticisms flourished in New England as in the Rhenish Palatinate. Whitman was really quite like Victor Hugo, excepting that his conceit was of smaller girth. No. One really cannot get far with that kind of thing —if, indeed, one can get anywhere at all.

What is a genuine and serious cause of alarm is the extent to which reason has been dispensed with in the

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conduct of affairs which pertain to the community. The United States is a precocious nation which has grown so fast that it has never learned how to control its muscles. Or its mind. An historian who contemplates what has happened since 1840—that is, since the country has really begun to expand—cannot help being struck by the waves of hysteria which have followed one after the other. First it was the rush westward, to Mexico and gold. Then the headlong plunge into the Civil War, which ended in dead men, ruined property and the race question. And finally, to make a long story short, there was saving the world for democracy—a crusade memorable chiefly for the tales of horror which a government meted out to its citizens like pints of fire-water. In between you can place the religious, political and social hysterias, including the latest brands of prohibition and legalized birth control.

In the realm of economics, similar crescendos of eccentricity have abounded. Either we are riding astraddle an unprecedented prosperity, or our psychology turns so gloomy that the very chance to prosper is blighted. Our system is supposed to foster initiative and competition. And yet, through a policy of absorptions and mergers, competition and initiative are slaughtered daily amidst high jinks. Western newspapers, loudest in their denunciation of gang war, started the "gang system" as a way of building circulation. Corporations talk of "employee welfare" and profit-sharing, but the moment sales drop off men are discarded like ballast from a balloon. The past two years have staged economic entertainment which the cynic would regard with uncontrollable laughter and which fills the poet's eyes with tears. Small wonder that the time is ripe for behaviorism! We have not only produced, by quantity methods, more automobiles than we can sell, but more teachers, lawyers, writers and dentists than we can hire. And the Declaration of Independence is just a little more than a hundred and fifty years old.

Nevertheless we shall confess that the outlook for civilization seems not one whit more hopeless here than it does in any other country. To enumerate the many signs of the dawn of reason would be to write an extensive catalog. One may suffice, especially since it leads rather far afield. The report of public works and unemployment, recently prepared by the President's Committee on Economic Changes, is surely an instance of what can be accomplished by the application of sound common sense to a public problem. In arguing that a sudden indulgence in public construction will not remedy a business depression unless the factors of time, legality and competent planning have been reckoned with, the report shows once again what can be done by substituting sense for politics. This substitution appears to be the guiding principle of Mr. Hoover's activity. Unfortunately he seems to be either too ready to believe that others adhere to the same principle, or unable to make converts. He allowed a mistaken impression of popular sentiment to run away with him on the subject of prohibition; he lost control of Congress in the tariff debates; and he all but permitted the enacting of potentially ruinous pension legislation. Who knows? Mr. Hoover may be a symbol of the nation which he leads. Ready to advance the cause of reason, it has not yet found out how to do so. But—M. Massis to the contrary notwithstanding—is it so very different in this respect from France or Germany or any other European land?

WEEK BY WEEK

PENSIONS are one of the best arguments against going to war in a hurry. Nobody stopped to think, when millions of men were mobilized during 1917, that a general clamor for all sorts of reimbursement would inevitably follow. The first grants of aid to disabled veterans were accepted as a matter of course. Though costly and not always judiciously administered, they did help the great body of those whom military service had incapacitated for civil life. Then came the bonus, which assigned something like future pay to every ex-soldier who cared to apply for it. This legislation suffered from the great defect of assuming a greater amount of normalcy and thrift than actually exists. Large quantities of bonus certificates have already been surrendered for the sake of small loans which borrowers had no intention of repaying. Inevitably the problem grows still clearer: service in the army can be used as an argument for getting money by anybody who can argue. The nation faces the possibility of having to meet such claims in increasing numbers and varieties. When one bears in mind the size of the world war army and reckons the family support it can get, one sees that the potential pressure which the seekers after aid can bring to bear upon Washington is not a mere thump on the stair.

Mr. Hoover and Pensions

SUCH a bill as Congress passed and Mr. Hoover criticized is an excellent case in point. Here was a measure granting about a hundred million dollars worth of help annually to those whose physical disabilities might be "presumed" to have originated during war time. No recognizable limit was placed to the "presumption," it being argued in the Senate that since tuberculosis could lie dormant for twelve years, any soldier who came down with it could rightly claim that the germ was hatched out during military service. Neurotic disorders especially lend themselves to plausible dating back, since nobody on earth can tell just where and when they begin. Understandably enough, the members of Congress seldom dare to oppose such a plea when it is presented for an open vote. They must appreciate its sentimental and personal importance to thousands of balloting citizens; and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, supporting the bill, urged his brethren to remember that pension bills would

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doubtless grow dearer and dearer to their hearts as years sped on. As a consequence it was up to Mr. Hoover to apply the brakes with some vigor. He did so and was applauded. One feels, however, that Mr. Walter Lippmann is quite right in urging that the White House should never have allowed the pension automobile to get in motion. When such matters are in the offing, it will simply not do to have Congress live in one country and the President in another.

EUROPE capitalizing its security! That is what the issue of $300,000,000 worth of bonds by the International Bank established under the Young Plan really amounts to. Offered at a discount and paying interest at the rate of 5½ percent, the loan was almost immediately oversubscribed in all countries where it was marketed. In a sense, of course, this is a German debt, secured by the willingness and ability of the Reich to make the annual reparation payments stipulated in recent signed agreements. From another point of view, however, these are international obligations, the fate of which hinges upon the world's ability to conduct a stable and profitable banking business. The idea is that Germany shall pay into the fund each year 660,000,000 marks—a sum which, long before thirty-seven seasons have passed, will permit the issuance of other loans and the gradual stabilization of postwar international finance. It is estimated that if the plan is carried through without a hitch, earned profits will be sufficient to settle the whole reparations account by 1967. The outcome depends, of course, upon such varied factors as management, political and economic stability, ability to effect transfers of payments, and the German budget. All in all, the idea appears to be as sound and advantageous as any such arrangement could be.

The German Loan

CONGRESS has been favorably impressed with the Vollbehr collection, which includes a Gutenberg Bible printed upon vellum, and we are reasonably sure that 3,000 volumes published during the infancy of the printing craft will become the property of the nation. It is really a very good and worthy bargain, even in these days of falling prices. The Senate was won over partly, no doubt, by signs of popular interest in the matter, and partly by Dr. Herbert Putnam, the librarian, who argued that the addition of books of this character would encourage collectors to bequeath or lend rare treasures to the nation. In the discussion which followed, congressional fancies wistful and otherwise came to the fore. Senator McKellar confided that "it has been my idea for a long time that America ought to have the greatest library in the world"; and he was very anxious that the new purchase add "materially to the bigness of the library." Senator Barkley wondered if the purchase would not also help to "create the impression that Congress after all is composed of men who look upon matters a little differently than from the materialistic and narrow standpoint—that they have a little aesthetic sense." Dr. Putnam graciously nodded to both. And it is clear that the Gutenberg Bible will be expected to represent and symbolize many things, indeed, when the nation peers at it through a pane of glass.

Acquiring a Gutenberg

EIGHT saints have been credited to the Canadian mission, and to the Church in North America generally, by the decree of canonization hallowing the names of Father Isaac Jogues and his companions. Were Rome less strict in such matters, the list might easily have been much longer. There is, for example, Father De Nouë who perished in the snow while on an errand of charity and who was termed by Parkman "the first martyr of the Canadian mission." But all the new saints, who were slain by the Iroquois after horrible tortures, represent for us the profound enthusiasm with which the Church, in a great age, undertook the spiritual conquest of the race. Their story is the greatest heroic poem of the new world and one doubts that either its beauty or its significance has been fully recognized. It may be that the Jesuits, in their eagerness to restore simple health to a European civilization grown frivolous, seriously overestimated the virtues and possibilities of the Indians. France was humming with romantic rumors about the glory of the "untutored savage," and the Jesuit missionaries were men of their time. Nevertheless modern historians are at least as much on the side of this generosity as partisan to the repressive contempt for the redskin which characterized so large a part of the Anglo-Saxon advance. And so we may honor not merely the religious fervor, the courtesy and the kindliness of the martyred missionaries but also their generous reasonableness—as necessary a complement to sanctity as any other quality.

The Jesuit Martyrs

WHATEVER one may think of the trouble on the island of Malta, which apparently boils itself down to the morality of Lord Strickland's action in refusing to allow the transfer of a Franciscan monk to another country by the duly authorized religious superior, one cannot doubt the utter pertinence of the comment made by the London Month. This excellent suggestion applies in every detail, when names are changed, to the United States: "The need of an effective Catholic foreign news agency, as well equipped and expeditious as is Reuter's, has been keenly felt by British Catholics since the ecclesiastical troubles in Malta began. Even though they themselves are ready to wait for full and authentic information, convinced that highly-placed ecclesiastics would not take serious measures without serious cause, nevertheless anti-Catholics, acting in the meantime on imperfect and biased reports, succeed in placing the

Turmoil in Malta

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Catholic authorities in a very invidious light; the attack is in full vigor long before the defenses can be organized. It is one of the minor inconveniences of belonging to a Church, universal in time and space, that the individual member is liable to be held accountable for the conduct of his brethren everywhere, in the past as well as in the present. That inconvenience would be avoided if some means would be found, short of the news agency mentioned, whereby the explanation or justification of any contemplated ecclesiastical coup d'état could be furnished betimes to the Catholic press." Nor, we will permit ourselves to add, should it be furnished to the Catholic press alone but also to the great and usually relatively impartial news distributing agencies of the world.

Fordham's Speakers' Bureau

AFFILIATION between colleges and secondary educational institutions has generally been limited to credits. In the recent creation of a Speakers' Bureau, Fordham University proposes closer coöperation. Its purpose will be to furnish gratis, upon request, speakers who will address gatherings of high school students or general high school assemblies whenever and wherever a principal feels that he wishes to obtain the services of men prepared to talk as specialists and experts. That such an arrangement will not be vehicle for the exploitation of immature lecturers is assured by the university's announcement that speakers will be drawn exclusively from its own faculty. The beneficial results to be obtained from such an expansion of the university's influence cannot easily be estimated. But the good which must follow from the students' more intimate knowledge of college work and their earlier crystallization of choices of courses would be sufficient in itself to justify the formation of the Bureau.

Answer Yes or No

IN HIS conflict with the Census Bureau, Dr. William N. Guthrie deserves a victory on points, even though he is at the moment threatened with whatever form of criminal prosecution is reserved for recalcitrants. It was not Dr. Guthrie's purpose to be recalcitrant. He merely asserts that his personal history makes it impossible to comply with the form of the questionnaire, and that he does not propose to revise it to suit the Bureau—or even, if it comes to that, the Atlantic fleet. For instance, though born abroad and never naturalized, he is a citizen—a thing which there is no provision for recording, and which the enumerator therefore declared to be impossible. Again, he does not know which of four languages he learned first, yet his phrase "polyglot education" was resented as though he had hurled an epithet instead of replying to a question. Finally the police appeared at his home in a last effort to make him conform. He remained grimly unexplanatory, vouchsafing only the remark: "If they will send someone who carries no chip on his shoulder, I will endeavor to explain these matters, but they may just as well desist from these appeals to arms." The whole truth is that Dr. Guthrie is determined to make an example of a government which has challenged his citizenship for years every time he tried to vote or to get a passport. He maintains that officials ought to know that the child of American citizens is a citizen, wheresoever born.

Substitutes for Socialization

THAT most insistent problem of modern life, the steadily mounting cost of medical treatment, has stimulated various projects for its solution. Few are more interesting or more radical than the one embodied in a resolution adopted by the American Medical Association at its recent annual convention in Detroit. It calls for the creation of a Bureau of Economics within the Association, which is to investigate all the factors having to do with the size and the payment of doctors' bills; this will presumably include not only an economic analysis of the items of charge, but also a statistical report on average incomes and average budgets. It is hoped to make the findings of this Bureau the basis of a new social policy of "voluntary collectivism," to be operated, according to the present plan, through the existing county medical societies. The skill and prestige of the members are evidently to be pooled for the benefit of the public unit which each such society serves, and the poorest patients are to be given the most up-to-date medical care for prices within the range of their resources.

IT IS unlikely that such a thoroughgoing and idealistic project will be transferred from paper to practice without wide changes and qualifications. But as a record of the opinion of a majority of 8,000 physicians representing the whole country, it has a very real significance. It marks that profession's sense of its continuing obligation to the public, on the one hand, and its mistrust of what may be called legal socialization, on the other. That such socialization is the logical term of the tendency that now prevails cannot be doubted. With fees increasing, and the sense of community responsibility for health increasing also, the physician commandeered and salaried by the government is the inevitable figure of the near future—unless physicians themselves can devise an acceptable substitute. All of this has been boldly recognized by the Association. In writing themselves down as favoring the alternative of "voluntary collectivism," its assembled delegates present not only a plan that invites watching, but two facts that invite meditation: first, their testimony that the growing medical fee has not meant a growing income to the private physician: and second, their conviction that "the salaried physician . . . by virtue of the circumstances under which he must render his services, will not be able to devote to the individual patient that careful study that is or may be required."

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TRUSTING TO COSINES

ONE cannot be sure that the world is built on ideals, but it is certainly established on cosines. The cosines are everywhere, flanked by their mathematical kinfolk, and we consort with them as confidently and unconsciously as we live with air and water. Plato seems to have thought that nature could be reduced ultimately to these tenuous skeletons of geometry; and if he had seen the city of the twentieth century, he might well have fancied that he was looking at illustrations for some weird philosophical poem. A recent visitor to the United States, Georges Duhamel, had an inkling of this while riding on the Chicago elevated. "The train sped through the air, on rails at a dizzy height," he writes. "Our Paris metro is hemmed in with illusory balustrades, which doubtless would not hold it back if it decided to leave the road. Nothing of the sort in Chicago. If the cars tumble, we shall see what happens. Let them go jauntily on, over rails like gleaming suspended swords!" And indeed many Americans must have wondered how that elevated can dash round sharp corners between which and the ground there is nothing but a hundred feet of atmosphere.

The engineer and the mathematician have arranged it all according to their intangible laws—incidence and the rest of those rules which are as easily learned nowadays as any irregular verbs. It is seldom, indeed, that we reflect upon the amazing extent to which our lives are enmeshed in formulae. Water for the morning bath comes down routes neatly traced according to the mandates of gravity and pressure. Trains race over curves in plotting which no miscalculation has been allowed. Elevators, little cages made to conform with natural laws as intricate as metaphysics itself, carry nonchalant human freight up and down, up and down. The thousand and one other mechanical devices we use without taking thought repose fundamentally upon nothing more substantial than an equation. Whenever this fact is lost sight of, disaster follows. An automobile that fails to adjust its speed to an improperly constructed bend in the road is smashed in a mass of twisted iron. Death dangles at the end of every cable which even momentarily disregards the mandate imposed upon it.

Science is, therefore, basically the art of adjusting the implements used by man to principles latent in the universe. Matter as such does nothing; and though no one can tell where it ends and law (or form) begins, everybody realizes that two distinct things are present and that one is obedient to the other. How queer, in consequence, is the notion that human living can escape thraldom to formulae, or the accompanying notion that such rules as exist change with time and place. It would be an incomprehensible idea were it not for the truth it conceals. Life does change just as the instruments which serve life change. Electric lighting cannot be controlled by the principles which govern kerosene lamps. Men living under industrial conditions cannot achieve happiness according to an agricultural formula. In the realm of religion the legislation written into the Mosaic code was no longer wholly adequate after Christ had profoundly altered the orientation of the personality. But—and the matter is of the greatest importance—neither lighting nor thinking nor worship can be lawless or freakishly revolutionary. Everywhere a rule governs, and the rightness of the rule is proved by the success with which it eliminates disaster and fosters improvement.

We advocate Catholic Christianity because we believe it reposes upon a positive and credible Revelation, but we also advocate it because we find that it forestalls human catastrophe and promotes betterment. Only one must remember that the whole of this Christianity is not contained in any simple set of general rules, knowledge of which will suffice. It also involves the individual and the individual's methods of action. Every man has something which might be termed his spiritual rhythm—the organic movement of his personality down ways especially appointed for him. This he needs to adjust to the rhythm of God's will, as revealed in his own soul and especially in the Church. The doctrinal, sacramental and liturgical truth according to which the Faith is operative must be kneaded in with the particular, though seemingly inconsequential, life of every man. Each human being faces the task of saving not "a" soul, but *his* soul, with all the unfathomable individuality which the personal pronoun implies.

Accordingly we find the Church stressing constantly the formulae by the use of which this kneading process can be effected. Use of the sacraments, instruction and participation in the liturgy are mass instrumentalities through which the largest possible number are to be influenced. The religious life properly so called is the "perfect" method to which a few are called. But there is a middle ground between, which has been found especially appropriate for our time. This is the retreat movement, now flourishing so notably in this country and in other lands. Essentially this movement is a practical way of applying a part of the system of monastic life to the spiritual circumstances of the average man. It will reveal to the soul the laws of its own life, so that it can participate in the work of the Church as a whole with greater understanding and effectiveness. As a school, or a time of training, it has excellencies which cannot be too widely advertised. Nor is this any longer necessary. Summer after summer, the number of those who submit themselves to the "exercises" of St. Ignatius, or to some similar method, increases; and there could hardly be a more hopeful index to the vigor of religious yearning in our time. What is quite as noteworthy is the fact that several different kinds of retreat-making now exist, from among which one can choose that best suited to his needs and temperament. Thus the general law can become the specific rule, for the advantage of one and all.

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CANADA GOES TO THE POLLS

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

The Canadian political campaign, now on, is of unusual importance from the point of view of the United States. "Certainly the main issue," says Mr. O'Leary in the following paper, "will be the old traditional one of the tariff." Liberals have abandoned part of their free-trade platform for reasons which must be sought, in large measure, in recent congressional legislation. We believe the paper here presented is also very interesting for its comment upon the attitude of various Canadian provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan—toward the United States.—The Editors.

CANADA is preparing to hold its sixteenth general election. His right to represent the country at the coming Empire Economic Conference in London challenged by Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Conservative leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal Prime Minister, announced that his government would appeal to the nation. Polling will be held toward the end of July or in the first week of August.

The issue of the campaign, certainly the main issue, will be the old traditional one of the tariff. Canadian Liberals have, in their tariff policy, approximated the record of United States Democrats, while Conservatives have been almost the perfect equivalents of protectionist Republicans. In this campaign, curiously enough, the Liberal party, following the precedent of the Democrats under Governor Smith, has seemingly abandoned its old tariff policy, and is appealing to the country on a combined platform of protection and empire preferences. After having held office for nine years, mainly through the support of agrarian low tariffists from the prairie provinces, Mr. King, an adroit politician, has deemed it politically expedient to yield to two pronounced and increasing tendencies among the Canadian people: a desire to retaliate against growing fiscal aggression from Washington, and a determination to divert some of the trade now going to the republic into British and imperial channels. To meet and satisfy these demands, the budget brought to parliament this year by Mr. Dunning, Mr. King's Finance Minister, was skilfully desgned. By a device known as countervailing duties, the Canadian tariff on a number of specified commodities, principally foodstuffs, is made automatically to conform to whatever duties Congress may impose upon similar goods imported into the United States from Canada. In addition to this, duties have been heightened upon a number of articles which Canada has been importing in considerable quantities from the United States, something like $235,000,000 of trade being affected; and substantial preferences on the same products have been extended to the British dominions and dependencies and to the British Isles.

The political consequences of this fiscal strategy are more than likely to improve the chances of Mr. King's government being returned to power. By increasing the British preference, Mr. King undoubtedly appeals to a strong British sentiment throughout the dominion, a sentiment strong enough to neutralize any feeling of discontent that may be engendered among western low tariff groups by the frank abandonment of the Liberal party's old free-trade tendencies, while the gesture toward protection, and especially toward protection against the United States, is bound to have potent and far-reaching effect in the ultra-British and almost frankly anti-American sections of Ontario.

Heretofore, Ontario, centre of British and protectionist sentiment, has been the backbone of the Conservative party. Made up largely of descendants of United Empire Loyalists and of Scottish immigrants, it presents the curious paradox of being socially and intellectually Americanized while remaining passionately British, politically. In any small town in Ontario, a carbon copy of towns across the border, one will find perfect prototypes of the average American citizen. The ordinary urban or rural dweller in Ontario transacts his business on strictly American lines. He rides in his good American model, worships and copies American efficiency, reads the Saturday Evening Post and the Literary Digest and wears a frock coat and top hat to church on Sunday like the best of American one-hundred-percenters.

But the United States conquest ends there. For while the ultra-Loyalist of Ontario will tune in on and hum the croonings of Mr. Rudy Vallée, his dominant political creed is that he will never, never sing The Star Spangled Banner. That imperialistic creed, imposed upon the rest of Canada for generations, is the touchstone of Canada's fiscal policy. When the Canadian national policy of protection was enunciated in 1878 its chief motive was to resist commercial absorption by the United States. When the great project of the C. P. R. was launched, Sir Charles Tupper justified it as a project to keep Canada within the empire. And when in 1911 reciprocity with the United States was rejected, it was fear of American annexation that largely motivated the rejection. The historic and existing truth is that for a large part of Canada, and for Ontario in particular, protection means much more than mere development of industries. It is the dominant economic policy of Canadians, and has been adopted by the low tariff Liberal party now because it is regarded as a bulwark against the constant thought of absorption, both financially and politically, by the United States.

It is not, for the moment, that Canadian Liberalism, or Conservatism either, has been brought into line

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for the empire free-trade policy of the Canadian-born peer, Lord Beaverbrook. That program is regarded by most Canadians as hopelessly impracticable, just as thirty years ago the tariff reform crusade of Joseph Chamberlain received little sanction from even Canadian imperialists. But while Canadians refused to become entangled in the fiscal controversies of British parties, they have unquestionably become convinced that some sort of empire economic union is desirable, and that at all events a great proportion of the $800,000,000 of annual imports from the United States could be diverted to the "Old Land," which has been so hard-pressed by unemployment and taxation, so bled by the dole.

Mr. Mackenzie King's new policy, therefore, while it may alienate from his support some of the old orthodox free traders, is bound to win him strength in sections that have been hostile for years to his record and his policies. It will appeal to fruit and vegetable growers in British Columbia, injured by United States competition; will win support among the British-born on the prairies; will make inroads in the Conservative stronghold of Ontario; and will gain disciples in the Maritimes.

The position of Quebec, the great French-Canadian Catholic province, differs from the other units in confederation. It is, indeed, one of the tragedies of Canadian politics, as well as the evil fate of the Conservative party, that although allied to Ontario by common economic interests, and undoubtedly loyal to British connection, Quebec stands solidly as Ontario's political enemy. For some years past, indeed, Quebec has been to Canadian Liberalism what the South has been to American democracy. For years after the federation of the provinces, French Canada varied its support between Liberals and Conservatives, and even in the days when Wilfrid Laurier, French-Canadian and Catholic, was leader of the Liberal party, Conservatives in Quebec were considerable. The war brought a change. A Conservative government was in office when the war came and when conscription was enforced, and neither the war nor conscription was popular in Quebec. Sir Robert Borden, who was Prime Minister, exercised tact and conciliation, but some of his colleagues were less gifted. It was the story of the British War Office and Ireland over again, though on a lesser scale. Sir Sam Hughes, jingo, imperialist and militarist, was prone to treat French-Canadians as an inferior people; Quebec was sneered at for cowardice; other things were said and done that were either malignant or stupid.

The wounds then opened have been slow to heal. In the elections of 1921, 1925 and 1926, French-Canadians voted not on political or economic issues, but to avenge conscription. They voted against the leader and the party associated with war policy, and contrary to their own economic needs sent a solid bloc of sixty members to Ottawa to support the Liberal party. Liberalism, under Mr. Mackenzie King, might adhere to principles they detested—no matter. Anything would be preferable to the party which conscripted their sons and sneered at their courage: Quebec would show that she remembered.

Whether history will repeat in the coming election, time alone can tell. By instinct, temperament and tradition, Quebec is Conservative. With the policies of the Liberal party as practised since confederation, her people have little sympathy. Not even industrial Ontario is more protectionist at heart; and it may be that the old appeals against a phantom imperialism and the old war-cries against conscription have lost much of their old potency.

For Conservatives, however, there is one cloud on the Quebec horizon. It is the resentment among French-Canadian Catholics over an alleged harsh treatment of their compatriots by a Conservative provincial government in Saskatchewan in the matter of separate schools. Rightly or wrongly, but more probably rightly, Quebec believes that unjust and repressive regulations aimed at Saskatchewan Catholics by a Conservative government there, have been fashioned and enforced at the dictation of the Ku Klux Klan. No evidence exists that Mr. Bennett, the dominion Conservative leader, is in any way responsible for what has happened in Saskatchewan; personally, he is entirely free of anything that might be termed religious bigotry; but that, unfortunately, does not prevent French-Canadians blaming federal Conservatives for the sins of their brethren in a provincial field. It is just possible, therefore, that this religious issue, one of the first introduced into Canadian politics for many years, will be a factor in returning the administration of the present Premier to power.

The main struggle, however, will be on lines of fiscal policy. It will not be a contest between protection and free trade, but rather a struggle between Liberals who have become recent converts to protection and empire trade, and Conservatives demanding even more stern measures against the United States, but with a more cautious policy, having regard to the interests of Canadian producers, in the granting of preferences to the rest of the empire. Mr. Bennett, indeed, although leader of the historic party of imperialism in Canada, has on this occasion come out as a Canadian economic nationalist, putting the empire before the United States and other countries, but putting Canada before the empire. His policy, in short, is the protection of Canadian industries against all the world, the rest of the empire included.

What the outcome will be, it is impossible at this time of writing, to tell. One thing, however, is perfectly plain. It is that no matter which party wins, the next decade in Canada is bound to see more of tariff aggression against the United States. This, perhaps inevitable under any circumstances, has been hastened and made more certain by the Hawley-Smoot bill. Whether it will be good for Canada or for the United States is another matter.

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Places and Persons

LITTLE BROTHERS OF BUSINESS

By MARION GRUBB

I HAD thought it couldn't be done any more. Perhaps it can't—outside Charleston and New Orleans and Baltimore, where time stands still withal and living is an art, not a utilitarian enterprise. It is pleasant to find anywhere in this time-ridden world an order of human beings who refuse to be enslaved to regular hours and routine tasks, yet manage to earn a living while taking their time from the sun. Certainly it is done in Baltimore with as pleasing and picturesque a grace as ever I saw in my life. All over the city one finds these little brothers of the busy. Never tired, never dull, never, oh, never in a hurry, they push banana carts, drive mules, grind at street pianos or hurdy-gurdys, smiling and singing from morning till night. Their faces are reddened and bronzed from exposure; their trousers are patched; but they look happier than many of their betters.

Most of these street vendors are Irishmen, Bohemians, Italians. Most of the carters are Negroes. There are a few unhappy Jews, pushing barrows or driving junkcarts. By some racial irony the freedom that is life to the born vagabond is slavery to them. They would rather measure cloth in some dim enclosed place.

The others are content: Life is very pleasant, brother, in the dust and the sun and the rain. Who would care to sit on an office stool or keep a shop or put in bolt 19 in one of Henry Ford's factories? It is better to drive a watermelon wagon on Saint Paul Street. It is better to wheel a street piano among the school children or blow a scissors-grinder's bugle. It is better, in short, to be footsore and a bit ragged than to be slave to a factory boss or a mine foreman, with never a glimpse of the sun.

The fruit vendors are the most picturesque of these licensed vagabonds. All the year round we have the banana man with his green pushcart, his piratical mustache and red handkerchief, his machine-gun cry, "Get a banan'! Get a banan'!" All the year round we have the orange man with his venerable dayton and his fat brown horse. But as soon as the southern fruit boats begin to come up the bay in the early spring, the orange man gets an assistant, a lanky colored boy, who walks beside the fat brown horse, carrying a basket of berry boxes. "Strawbu'ees! Strawbu'ees!" he cries in a voice from grand opera; and the cry is echoed from neighboring streets, where other venerable daytons and fat horses are doing a tranquil business. High above this mellow cry comes a "Cherries! Ripe, red cherries!" from a mulatto boy imperfectly trained in the mellifluous quavers of the older Negroes. This boy is hawking flat baskets of morellos.

A little later, in the mornings and late afternoons, a "spring wagon" with a big yellow umbrella above its pine board seat follows its melancholy mule up and down the city. A burly Negro, half asleep on the board, cries some indistinguishable jargon ending with, "Watahmillin, red to de rine—all red!" Behind him in a bed of yellow straw lie the long green melons, shaped like dirigibles. The pale green round ones seem to have vanished. They grew in Virginia, perhaps, and not on the "Shore." The driver pauses after every long-drawn cry, but not to take breath as I once supposed. He is listening for an answering yodel from the street above. "Red, red, all red!" comes the echo, as another spring wagon, another yellow umbrella, another melancholy mule crawls over the crossing. These Negroes are gregarious souls; they must have company, if only at city-block intervals. They cannot work or play alone.

When the watermelon wagon has a boy and a weed-piled barrel behind, it means crabs, and the yodel takes on variations: "Cra-a-a-bs, soft crabs, cra-a-a-bs!" or "Hard crabs, alive, alive-oh! Crabs!" When the months begin to have R's again, the barrel has oysters in the shell. As a matter of fact, the "No R, no oyster" dictum is a superstitution like its companion "No cream with crabs." A stranger might die of violating such principles, but not a native Baltimorean. Negro waiters, however, at restaurants, still refuse ice cream after crabs. "Naw, suh, ef'n you eat dat, you wouldn' live ter git home. Naw, suh; I bring you jis plain ice, 'thout no cream."

At the Fallsway on Charles Street, this side of Union Station, an old Negro in a spotless white apron leans against the parapet. For years that old man has stood just there, or sat to rest on the runningboard of some car parked at the curb. By his side on a camp-stool is a covered basket. From under the napkin show the red claws of steamed crabs. For years I have passed him almost every day, but I have never seen him sell anything.

Often, when I am walking home from the university, I see an Italian selling toy balloons just where Wyman Park joins the Johns Hopkins campus. This man's balloons are always of two colors only: crimson and silver. I wonder why he chooses just those; but the fact that he does so choose sets him apart. He is not ordinary: he is selling toy ballons because he *likes* toy balloons. What could be more rare, more distinguished? I know only two other people who are doing what they are doing because they like it. One is a professor of Romance languages, the happiest man in the world, I believe; the other is the mother of nine children—all boys. For a penniless wanderer what task could be

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more heartening than selling toy balloons—crimson and silver ones? There is poetry and romance in such an occupation. When the nurses begin to take their charges home, the balloon man does a thriving business; and a bobbing procession of sunset-lighted bubbles moves along the barberry hedge of the campus.

Baltimore has always shown itself hospitable to street musicians. Even at Lexington Market there are beggars with concertinas and banjos and "mouth harps." Still, the hurdy-gurdy business is falling off; it is three years since I have seen a monkey; and for months there has been no piano man.

There is still Tony, however. There he goes with his musicbox. He sets it up on its single leg and turns the crank. The first tune is O Sole Mio. The next will be Silva Tredi Monigo—or what Tony means by those very Italian-sounding syallables. He has only four tunes; when those are exhausted, he must begin over. Tony had a monkey once, who used to drink from his cup and sleep in his bosom (I have seen him doing it); but little Jocko is dead now, and Tony himself is too old to train another.

I can remember when we had three distinct types of perambulating musicboxes. Besides the usual hand-organ, slung on a heavy stick across one shoulder of a mustachioed Sicilian pirate, to balance the chattering monkey on the other, there was the piano on two wheels, worked with a crank. One man passed the tambourine while the other turned the crank. There was the larger street piano, too, with bass drum, kettle drum, triangle and cymbals. This brought a large audience. But children liked the monkey best of all.

It seems that not so long ago Baltimore had a hotel for hurdy-gurdy men. It still stands, in East Baltimore; and once it was gay with red-jacketed Jockos and painted musicboxes. The landlord did a thriving business, renting hand-organs by the week. Now the hotel is deserted, and only a broken hurdy-gurdy flung under a shed in the courtyard bears witness to its former gaiety.

At one time, they say, Baltimore had musicbox factories. One of them was operated by Colonel Shimek, mayor of Bohemia. He seems to have been a picturesque and popular person, with a happy hand in mixing drinks. He helped distribute hurdy-gurdys and street pianos all over the South. His dance hall on Broadway was a rendezvous for the Bohemians of Baltimore. What would he do, I wonder, if he were living today. To a man like that our life would seem very drab. Perhaps he would be a movie director or operate a wholesale bootleggery. He seems to have had a certain talent for organization. Our street music, dancing, drinking, would be the better for his happy hand.

I had thought the last scissors-grinder had been gathered to his fathers; but in Baltimore there are many survivors of that blessed day when advertising by modern methods was unknown. The old umbrella-mender has hardly finished his task and his story when a tinny tinkling sound comes through the alley. It is the hand-bell tied to the frame of the scissors-grinder's little portable work-bench. On certain days in the week he grinds knives and scissors for the housewives of our street. He always begins at the Green Lattice, Miss Sutherland's tiny tea-room in the basement of her house. Many old Baltimore ladies of uncertain income and undoubted skill in cookery have opened tea-rooms in their homes. Some of them are oddly furnished; but the food is invariably excellent. The scissors-grinder values the patronage of these old ladies; certan perquisites go along with it.

Old Miss Rattee from the tall red brick house on the corner sends out her little black maid with an invisible pair of scissors to be ground. Now that the scissors-grinder has two customers he feels himself settled for business. He blows two blasts on the brass bugle slung across his shoulder in the manner of Robin Hood (scissors-grinders carry bugles; garbage men, fog-horns, in Baltimore) to announce the fact that he is ready to receive custom. He sets up his tall green wooden frame in the angle of Miss Rattee's white marble steps, slings his bugle over his shoulder, and begins to turn his little emery wheel. It works with a treadle, rather like that of a sewing-machine. The children watch him from a distance. Miss Rattee does not like a parcel of brats to soil her freshly-scrubbed white marble steps. Only the little tomboy dares approach within question distance. When she grows up, that child will be a newspaper reporter. Little boys and colored girls bring custom, but they stand at a discreet distance while they wait, for Miss Rattee is at the window sewing.

This man is an honest, careful workman; but his slow old fingers would be of no use in a factory or a mill. He is but a survivor of a civilization which is no longer tolerated. He would be shoved aside, as he and his like are always being shoved aside, except in kindly, conservative old cities like Charleston and New Orleans and Baltimore, where these little brothers of business are valued as picturesque survivals of a dignified leisure. If Galsworthy's old bootmaker had come to Baltimore he need not have starved to death: he could have made an excellent living by soliciting custom at those doors, like the London and Manchester doors he had left at home. And he would have been happy here, doing what he liked to do, in the way he liked to do it.

Thinking of My Beloved

In silence I ascend the western chamber,
The moon is shaped like a harvest-hook,
Lonely is the tree in the deep yard, locked in with the clean autumn.

Eternally sundered we live—
Orderly in its confusion
Is the sorrow of parting—there lies a strange sense in my heart.

Translated by Chou Ming Hsa,
from the Chinese of LEE YÜ.

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THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

By HARVEY WICKHAM

THE treatment of minorities has always been one of the great problems of statecraft—never more so than today. It is a problem which concerns everybody; for the individual finds himself in a sense pitted against society in general. This is a terrible predicament if differences of any sort are to be made the ground of enmity and estrangement. The ability to make common cause with others is therefore the first step toward becoming civilized. It by no means implies the abandonment of all or any of one's cherished beliefs, or even notions, though it certainly does put a restraint upon unsocial habits—which are simply those that are harmful to others, or give offense when publically indulged in. A civilization that insists upon an absolute uniformity, upon a Procrustean standardization either of thought or of conduct, is not a civilization but a tyranny. It means the subjection of all but a single group (itself invariably a minority) which has managed to get control of the machinery of government and proceeds to use it to grind all others into the dust.

No such government exists. There is a considerable amount of live and let live even when the worst of theorists get into power. I doubt if Procrustes himself brought his bed into play except in extreme cases. There is, of course, always a tendency upon the part of rulers to become intolerant of variations from what they consider the norm. But a ruler cannot rule without a ruling class at his back, and a ruling class cannot hold together without exercising tolerance for differences, at least among themselves. Which seems to mean that if one is to amount to anything, or even to be suffered to exist, one must learn to get along with people with whom one does not altogether agree.

Hilaire Belloc considers all people "aliens" if they belong to a minority "which is, as well as less numerous, less wealthy than, less in control than, and professing ideas opposed at many essential points to the rest of the community." This "rest of the community" does not have to be a majority. "The actual numbers of the practising and confessed adherents of a particular system of thought," he says, "may be a numerical minority, and even a small numerical minority, and yet mold the tone of the community." And this of course is true. But is it true that those who sing another tune are necessarily aliens? I certainly hope not, for this would make many (I think most) of the citizens of the United States foreigners in the country which they call their own.

Belloc, of course, is speaking particularly of religious minorities, and more especially of Catholic minorities "in the English-speaking countries outside Ireland," such as Britain and the United States. In the article from which I am quoting (The Conditions of Minority, published in The Commonweal, April 2, 1930) he says:

> It seems to me that the first thing we have to recognize is that since religion is at the basis of all corporate conduct and of the whole state of mind in a society, a religious minority is and must be separate, and, in the real sense of the word, alien.

That is, a religious minority which is not in power and does not "mold the tone of the community."

Evidently there is a sense—a profound religious and philosophical sense—in which he is right. It might be said of all Christians that they are strangers in the world. But in making a purely political application of this principle, he goes too far, I think, and puts a weapon into the hands of the anticlerical. That Catholics are aliens is, for example, precisely what certain politicians have been saying. And Belloc seems to acknowledge the term.

It is not the first time that he has said something of the kind. In his book, The Jews, published in 1922, he makes "aliens" out of the children of Israel, universal aliens, so to speak, "a foreign substance" in every country in the world, Great Britain above all. So, in England, both the Catholics and Jews are "in the real sense" foreigners. And who, then, are the natives? The Protestants? But they are divided "at many essential points" among themselves. There is the "Established Church," and there is the "Chapel," and one Chapel differs mightly from another in points which the Chapelites at least consider essential. Is the real Englishman, then, a communicant of the Church of England?

But the present government of England is headed by a gentleman who is distinctly "Chapel," and his party, the Labor group, are the adherents of a particular system of thought which in giving tone to the community does not hesitate to enter into affiliations with Soviet Russia. Is the native Englishman, then, a Bolshevik? God forbid! And yet I see no escape from this conclusion if we accept Belloc's theory in all its fulness.

He would probably say that he derives his authority from the history of the Papacy during the period of temporal power, when Jews and other heretics were excluded from the full rights of citizenship. It was the Catholic who then was the only spiritual native in the estates of the Church and in Christian countries generally. And as the Catholics benefited by his dominant position in the middle-ages, Belloc seems to think it would be only fair, now that he finds himself both numerically and politically in the minority, for him to admit his position and openly declare himself an outcast. He says:

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> It is our business, to make known to the majority what really is this minority to which we belong. I don't say this makes for peace, for I don't think it does—or at any rate, not for peace without previous combat. But I do say that the postponing of it is like the postponing of a debt . . . Instruction must be undertaken. The minority must make itself known . . . The duty of instruction involves the duty of repudiating allegiance to ideals which are not ours, and above all the attempt to reconcile irreconcilable things.

Once again he may be interpreted in such a way as to conform with common sense and obvious right. No man should attempt to reconcile irreconcilable things, or pretend allegiance to ideals which are not his, or attempt to pass himself off for something other than he is. But once again also Belloc is haunted by his study of the Jews. He has noted and complained of the "Crypto-Jew," the one who changes his name, for example, from Mordecai to Marx, from Cohen to Curzon—Jews who seek to pass for Gentiles, who deny that they constitute a particular race, or have a religion, or belong to a peculiar people.

But where does one find Catholics who deny that they are Catholics, or claim that Catholicism is practically the same as Protestantism, or not different from paganism, or at one with Bolshevism and infidelity? And what can be the practical effect of Belloc's dictum save to encourage Catholics and all others to thrust forward their differences at all times and places? That there are differences is already sufficiently well known. To explain the nature of these differences when called upon to do so is obviously right and proper, at least when the demand comes from a sincere desire for information. But coöperation implies the bringing forward of resemblances. What would be thought of a Baptist, who, before joining with a Presbyterian in the election of an honest Methodist to the mayorality, should insist upon delivering a lecture setting forth the insufficiency of sprinkling as a mode of baptism? I am afraid no honest mayor would be elected, and that ring-rule would triumph.

Belloc seems not sufficiently aware of the change which has taken place in the constitution of secular government since church and state have become separated. Theoretically there was a certain separation even in the middle-ages, an acknowledged difference between Il Papa and Il Papa Re, and a yet greater difference between the Pope as Pope on the one hand, and Christian kings as kings on the other. Sometimes in practice the things which were Caesar's and the things which were God's got a little mixed up. The "secular arm" not seldom terminated in a grasping hand or a rebellious fist. And this mixing projected itself as a sort of habit into secular republican governments, where it was yet more out of place. Caesar, unrestrained, grew yet more inclined to meddle with God.

With many of Caesar's doings, including those of that Caesar who is no longer a person but a corporation theoretically constituted by a counting of noses, no Catholic, no Protestant, no ordinarily sane and decent individual even, can be altogether in sympathy. But to withdraw from the arena, or to admit to an alienation which would warrant the dissenter's disqualification as a citizen, is to return to a conception of government which not only has no place in modern life but can find no actual counterpart in the history of Christendom.

The Catholic could not have been in sympathy with everything which happened even in the ages of faith. Other "tones" than his were at times insistent and threatening. But it can hardly be said that he confessed himself to be an intruder, no matter how strong the thieves that occasionally broke into his father's house—or at least into the dooryard. The Church held within itself an immense amount of variation (as it still does), much of which was considered quite important by some of the variants.

But Belloc's idea of "alien" is almost like that of the Jews—not modern Jews, but that primitive people flourishing (or languishing) in the dim ages prior to about 900 B.C., according to Jewish scholarship. Yahweh was then regarded as merely a tribal god. It took centuries of preaching by the prophets to win acceptance for a Jehovah considered as a universal and spiritual deity—preaching which was never quite successful among the chosen people. Hence their rejection of a Messiah who was something more than national. For them, both a nation and a god must coincide more or less with a particular race and a particular piece of territory. They could conceive of universality only as an expansion of their own territory and of their own racial power and importance. So they voted Christ an alien.

Shall we admit that they were right? Or would it not be better to suggest that the alien shoe was on the other foot? Must we who live in the United States forget that it is a republic which, in order to succeed, must count upon the coöperation of all, or at least the great mass, of its citizens? This does not mean that all shall think alike, or pretend to think alike, or cooperate upon all occasions or in every particular. It means merely that they shall pool their agreements, and pull together as much as possible. After all, Catholics and Protestants, not to mention Jews and a great number of heathen, do agree as to most of the essentials of good government. And when they do not (as to schools, for instance) it is because the prevailing government attempts to extend itself beyond the proper governmental sphere.

But the molders of the tone are not an unvarying body, nor is the tone a monotone. It is rather a compound of many tones, and—like all music—consists of a great mass of discords more or less dominated by certain harmonies, which change and interweave and modulate from moment to moment. What seems to be an alien "organ-point"—the one true monotone—may become, as in the case of a fugue, the all-prevailing

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dominant, and so by merely sticking at its job prepare the entire composition for final resolution into a triumphant close. If the music at times becomes a horrible cacophony, all the more reason that the organ-point should continue to sound. The shrieks of unclean spirits are the aliens. They must end by coming into harmony with the bass, not it with them. Shall, then, the great sostenuto suffer itself to grow mute?

Of course Belloc does not intend that it shall grow mute. He speaks of "combat." His heart is quite in the right place. But I think his conception of modern nationalism is erroneous. For a minority to admit itself to be alien simply because it is at odds with the prevailing tone of the moment, is for the organ-point to admit that it does not belong to the composition.

"What, then," scream the piccolos, "are you doing here?"

To answer, "As a matter of fact, I am not here," is not to "combat," it is to deny one's right to combat —as if a religious man had no business to make his weight felt in secular affairs unless they be already essentially to his liking. And Belloc's words are certainly open to this—well, let us call it misconstruction.

AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

By JAMES J. WALSH

CARTHAGE, Sunday, May 11, 6 p.m.: The Thirtieth Eucharistic Congress has just been brought to a supremely successful conclusion by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament from the primatial basilica to the amphitheatre and return, witnessed by some 50,000 people gathered along the way of the procession and on all the surrounding hills. There were those present who had taken part in preceding events of the same kind who estimated the crowd at nearly double that figure. The procession commenced its course at the great cathedral, erected by Cardinal Lavigerie some fifty years ago, which crowns so majestically the outstanding Byrsa or Hill of Carthage that has in all the successive cities of Carthage been the centre of the town.

Carthage means in old Phoenician the "new city." For some 3,000 years in spite of all the viscissitudes of the varied history of the place, it has always retained the name. Surely never has the ancient "new town" witnessed a more impressive scene than this of the magnificent conclusion of the latest Eucharistic congress; never has the assembled multitude within the city's boundaries been more of one heart and soul than when they bowed their heads in reverent devotion as the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given from the porch above the main door of the primatial basilica. Eight cardinals and their prelatial escorts preceded by 100 bishops and archbishops closed the procession of some 3,000 priests and monsignori, but the admiration and reverence for them was now absorbed into the deeper feeling that the Lord of Hosts was blessing His people.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in Tunis and Carthage had been mainly given over to the congress and its functions. Some 20,000 visitors are said to have come. The hotels could not have accommodated them so arrangements were made to take care of them elsewhere. Six vessels were in the harbor with their passengers all aboard for breakfast, dinner and lodging and making their daily pilgrimages to the special shrines of each day's program. As the vessels came into La Goulette, the harbor of old Carthage, their passengers saw upon the hill a great tent colony consisting of many hundreds of tents. Later they were to learn that these were the lodging places of some thousands of priests from France and Italy and from Algiers and Tunis. Most of them had gone through war experience that made this quiet living in tents a pleasant vacation reminiscent of the days of the great war.

The scene was thus set for a great religious event. The weather proved almost perfect for the occasion. These days in early May had been selected as the latest possible dates for the congress if the heat of northern Africa was not to make the occasion too great a trial for visitors from temperate climes. Most of those who came from a distance anticipated a rather difficult time from the heat in a locality so close to the desert. They were agreeably surprised to have, as it were by special dispensation, pleasant days on which overcoats were comfortably worn nights and mornings and even the heat of the middle of the day was tempered by a delightful breeze from the nearby Mediterranean. The first day, by an exception so rare as to be almost unheard of at this time of the year, there was a slight shower which laid the dust and only raised slight solicitude without any damage even to delicate fabrics. Only the last day, Sunday, was the heat severe enough to afford the congressionalists some idea of how torrid might have been the days that proved so pleasant.

One of the features of the congress was the procession of the children—the crusaders of the Blessed Sacrament—dressed in white with a red cross on their breasts. They made a very picturesque scene at the Benediction when during the blessing they stood and waved the palms which they carried and which seemed so appropriate in this place of martyrdom. For it has been brought home to all the foreign visitors, in a way they never appreciated properly before, that Carthage enjoyed the privilege in the persecutions of having almost as many martyrs as Rome. Indeed the African church, as emphasized by M. Louis Bertrand, was almost the rival of Rome in all Christian privileges.

The scene of the congress proved most inspiring. No less than three of the outstanding events, the pontifical Masses celebrated by the attending cardinals, were held in the ruins of structures that had witnessed the supreme confession of faith of martyrs for Christianity or were intimately connected with them. On Friday the pontificial Mass was celebrated in the basilica major erected in honor of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, the two young matrons—mistress and slave—who, not yet twenty years of age but mothers, willingly laid down their lives for Christianity which meant more to them than their earthly lives. It is a testimony to the enduring character of the Church that this basilica some 1,500 years ago was the scene of no less than five panegyrics of the saints from the lips of the great Saint Augustine.

On Saturday the solemn Mass was chanted, the congregation joining in many parts of the Mass in most impressive fashion in the excavated amphitheatre wherein more than 1,700 years ago, in the persecution of Septimius Severus, Perpetua and Felicitas were martyred. The dungeon in which the saints were imprisoned has been restored to its original appearance and converted into a chapel which was a favorite place of visitation by the attendants on the congress. On Sunday the last solemn Mass of cloture was sung in the Basilica of Saint Cyprian by the cardinal legate in the presence of six visiting cardinals. This ancient structure had no less than seven naves, seventy-one metres long by thirty-five metres wide, and was

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capable of accommodating an immense crowd which overflowed, however, on to all the surrounding hillsides for a very long distance. Saint Cyprian's is not far from Santa Monica's, the memorial of Saint Augustine's mother. Another of the basilicas of old Carthage—that of Damons El Karita—had no less than nine naves, fifty-six metres long by forty-five metres wide. This seems superabundant accommodation for church-goers and would appeal to visitors as, like the English cathedrals, surely too large for the towns in which they were situated; but when a population is largely of but one religion such huge churches are actually needed for the festival days. At least Carthage under the Romans was a large and intensely Christian city. There were then no less than 700 dioceses along the northern shore of Africa, where but a few years ago there were scarcely that many parishes.

The outstanding address of the congress was that of M. Louis Bertrand of the French Academy on Saturday afternoon, May 10. More than 10,000 people gathered on the Byrsa to hear him. They did so with ease by an arrangement of loud speakers and, as he reads as well as he writes, his address was punctuated by frequent applause. He has written some half-dozen of books with regard to the African Church, including a life of Saint Augustine and the story of the Cities of Gold (Les Villes d'Or) of North Africa. He has made Africa known and loved by his countrymen.

He warned of the barbarism of our day when "the world is traversed by a wave of hate, from the insensate and criminals, who preach a fratricidal war and erect as a dogma the odious and absurd idea of the struggle between the classes of humanity. . . . Only the voice of Christ can still the tempest that is raised and only the sacrament of Christ's Body can feed the charity that will make men love each other for the love of God."

The supreme note of the congress was the number of men of widely different nationalities encountered among the crowd, many of them in the picturesque garbs of their peoples. Chesterton in the first sentence of his introduction to the life of the Curé d'Ars said: "The Catholic Church is much too universal to be called international for she is older than the nations." Perhaps never was that expression better exemplified than in this Thirtieth International Eucharistic Congress at Carthage. The wisdom of Pope Pius XI in selecting the African city for this congress was eminently justified by the event. It is a thing of the past but it will be remembered forever by those who had part in it.

Nursery Tales

In a town of scarlet roofs the glassy bells
Surge slowly in the long grey evening,
The air seems poignant with serene farewells,
The sky speaks in the silver bells that swing.

After a day of aromatic heats,
That sweetly smoke in parched and bruised July,
Dove-breasted calm pulses in circling beats
Down from the colorless dome of the slow sky.

Hold up the little city in Thy hands,
Jesus of Starlight, and O Mother mild,
Shed crystal blessing on sun-wasted lands,
Each flower looks toward thee like a trustful child.

We are as toys fearful when day is done;
Give us, Our Lady, to thy little Son.

WILFRED CHILDE.

FEED MY LAMBS

By W. ESDAILE BYLES

IT WAS not bad for a child of three when her elder sister asked her "Who made you?" and she answered "Jesus made me." But her answer to the next question was one of which any learned theologian might have been proud—"Why did God make you?" "Because I am so sweet." And she had not read the first chapter of the Bible either.

Not all children begin to learn their catechism at the age of three, not all, because not all have older sisters who burn to share their newly acquired knowledge. The eldest child had regular instruction first when she was about five. Of course, she had had some before that. She knew that God made her. But after that she required help. We might have told her the answer and let her memorize it. We might have done so, but even a child of five is human—that is, rational—and likes to use its reason.

So we tried another way. "Who made pussy?" "God made pussy"—she knew that. And the birdies, she was very fond of birds and she knew that God had made them. "But did God make you the same as the pussy and the birds?" It was a daring venture to ask a child of five such a qestion. We waited breathlessly for the result. Straight as an arrow came the answer—"Oh, no, birdies don't know things." It did not take long after that to enable the little one to work out for herself that we were made to know that which is most infinitely worth knowing, that love follows knowledge and service follows love and that our own soul's salvation depends on the three. And as she learned the doctrine, we crystallized it into the exact words of the catechism.

Was it necessary to teach her the words? Clearly the essential thing is the doctrine. Of course we must recognize the validity of the various decrees as to verbal teaching of the catechism. But how can anyone think that the obligation of teaching doctrine imposed by the command, "Feed My lambs," is fulfilled by merely seeing that the child memorizes words? Yet, that would seem to be what many teachers think, unless, in charity we are to believe they do not think at all.

The Church of the last century in America had such need of homes in which to feed the lambs, that it would almost seem that the attention she had to give to building made it impossible for her also to give enough attention to teaching. There were, and still are, many whose only recollection of the catechism is the medal, still carefully stowed in their treasure-box, which they received in childhood for repeating the answers without missing a word. But, in spite of the ignorance of those who own the medals, the Holy Ghost has worked a miracle and kept alive their faith.

Why did we crystallize into the words of the catechism the doctrine on the reason for our creation? Why does the grocer wrap the potatoes? So that you do not drop one here and one there on the way home. The memorizing of the words will keep in the child's mind the doctrine which has been placed there. What it will not do is place it there.

If the child does not have the doctrine, too, it will not assimilate the words and its soul will starve as truly as would its body if fed on bread made from sand. Will starve, that is, unless God works a miracle. Shall we presume to demand the miracle, to demand a miracle to supply at least part of what our best efforts can effect? Shall we expect the tender child to glean its own doctrine from the sometimes almost Latin wording of even so fine a summary as the Baltimore Catechism?

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Why are the words forgotten in after life? People do not throw away what is of value to them. The child may prize the words of the catechism at the time it learns them. It may prize them, even when it does not understand them, not merely for the sake of the medal, but because they may be to the child a symbol of the religion to which, by the grace of baptism, it clings—clings by the grace of baptism, if not by the nourishment the lambs have a divine right to expect. But it is only when the words are to the child an embodiment of the doctrine that they are assimilated and retained.

The child has a divine right to expect it. In baptism it is made a lamb of Christ and woe betide the shepherd who starves it! Such a shepherd has still to learn the lesson the disciples learned when Our Lord rebuked them and, calling the little children to Himself, sat them on His own knees and let them nestle around His own Sacred Person while He fed their souls with the story of their creation and of their Creator.

There are some zealous priests and teachers who would go to the other extreme. So blighting have they realized the mere word memorizing to be, that word memorizing has become odious to them and they have omitted it altogether in their schools. It is a pity. The children will leave school soon and many of them will have no more lessons in Christan doctrine, unless we count the five minutes after the Gospel on Sunday. The years will roll by and, without the clear-cut definition to aid their memory, little by little it will fall away from them.

In teaching our child of five we chose to unfold to the child's delighted gaze the philosophy of man's creation and then to crystallize it into words which the child could carry to life's end. Another teacher might have taught the words first, with the hope of a medal as the attractive force and mutual affection as the impelling motive. He would set out the dinner on the table, carefully covered to keep it warm, and then gradually feed it to the child. Whether a teacher is to use the inductive method, as we did, or the deductive must depend on his own individuality.

Saint Francis Xavier's missionaries must have used both methods. The saint seems to have put the whole of elementary Christian doctrine into verse, which the people were taught to sing. The adults must have first learned a large part, at least, of the doctrine from the preachers and then memorized it as expressed in the hymns. But the tiny children, no doubt, from hearing others sing them, learned the hymns before they understood them and we can imagine their joy, when they learned the doctrine, at finding it was the same as the hymns they knew and loved so well. Saint Francis's metric catechism is in a language strange to us. The doctrine of the Eucharist has been versified for us by Saint Thomas Aquinas in the Lauda Sion. Can God send us another Saint Thomas to give our children—and their parents too—the whole doctrine in language such as this, so simple that the little ones can understand it, so comprehensive that theologians will find that there is nothing to add?

But do not let us think that Saint Francis could have been content with teaching his five-year-olds his beautiful hymns and leaving them to sing and starve till they were ten or twelve or fourteen years old. A teacher may find it difficult profitably to crystallize for a child of five, or even for a child of six or seven or eight, all the doctrine it needs for its nourishment in those tender years, but the doctrine must not be left until the words can be learned. Let the teacher use such parts of the Baltimore Catechism as can be taught the smaller children, or another catechism, or no catechism at all, but do not let him neglect to feed the lamb until it is of the age for which the great Baltimore Catechism was written.

COMMUNICATIONS

HOLLYWOOD

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Though not a subscriber to The Commonweal, I have read it quite regularly with pleasure and edification, enjoying especially the articles by Sir Bertram Windle, Dr. Walsh, Messrs. Phillips, Dana, Mercier and your English and French contributors, and therefore today am much surprised to find an article by a certain Sheean, in its pages, on Hollywood—that thorn in the flesh of the Californians who do not worship false gods in the guise of money and false aesthetics.

Evidently the author came to our state not only in ignorance of Hollywood, but also of the eternal verities. Such things perhaps are not supposed to survive several reincarnations. I do not pretend to understand what he means by such a sentence as ". . . . can begin the day with the astonishing reflection that the night just over has multiplied their existence in a thousand different dreams." Some beautiful words used in a way that may mean anything or nothing.

Again seeing the artificialities and hollowness as he does, it is strange that he does not see that such things do not "bring some mysterious increase of life," but the death of every Christian thought in the masses that first see, then pity, and end by worshiping all that is crude and vulgar. The "special quality" of Hollywood is in truth the blinding glamor that Satan throws over the "temporary mind" that is so responsive and useful to "the gentlemen with large fortunes that invest money in this house of toys," and incidentally contribute to the glorification of debauchées and divorcées.

It is only the small minority who lead decent lives like Greta Garbo, Ramon Navarro and a few others, as well as an occasional visitor of real talent like John McCormack, that keeps Hollywood from being recognized as the cesspool that it is, from which poison flows all over the continent. It is not the semblance of Notre Dame of Paris, nor even Times Square with its stool pigeons, but bath tubs, bedroom scenes and other suggestive features that raise nonentities to publicity and fortune over night. Not talent nor beauty but the ability to appeal to all that is vile in a degenerate age makes the so-called success of Hollywood, aided of course by unprincipled scribes. "It is not only disgruntled film people or visiting Englishmen" that see this.

Then we are told that the fan magazines (where his article ought to be) should be read by "all interested in the civilization which is forever building and destroying." The pity is that what is built by his vaunted civilization is so inferior to what it destroys. It must be news to the university faculties in Los Angeles and elsewhere to hear that Hollywood is the aesthetic capital of the country. They will have to hasten to learn from the fan magazines the inwardness of the psychological significance of Hollywood.

It grieves me to see what will become of The Commonweal if it sits between two stools, trying to serve at the same time Catholicism, and the immorality and false philosophy that it opposes; true culture and the lauded temporary mind of which Mr. Sheean says he has not been fortunate enough to form a continuous part. What exactly is meant by a continuous part of a temporary thing, "narrative unity" and "snobismus"?

To me they mean nothing but the snobbishness of the author. Is there such a dearth of material contributed to The Commonweal that it is obliged to accept such stuff?

MARGARET RICHARD.

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RUMANIAN CATHOLICS

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Article XXII of the new Rumanian Constitution declares: "The Orthodox and Greek Catholic Churches are state churches. The majority of Rumanians belong to the Rumanian Orthodox Church; therefore, the Orthodox Rumanian Christian Church shall be the dominant state church. The Greek Catholic Rumanian Church, however, shall hold the primacy over all other religious bodies in Rumania." This Rumanian Greek Catholic Church, recognized in Rumanian civil law as one of the two national churches of the kingdom, comprises an ecclesiastical province of one metropolitanate, three bishoprics, and one vicariate apostolic: Blaj, Oradea-Mare, Gherla, Lugoj, and Bucovina. Rumanian Greek Catholics number 1,470 secular priests (6 percent celibate), 5 priest-monks, and 1,382,544 laymen and women. They profess the Catholic Faith, use the seven sacraments and are under a hierarchy of bishops in communion with the Pope of Rome. Their liturgical language is vernacular Rumanian, a phonetic language easy to read if one already knows Italian, Latin or French. Their rite is that of Catholic Constantinople in its purity.

In the United States there are over fifty thousand Rumanian Greek Catholics. They have eight priests serving sixteen parish churches. All these priests are either celibates or widowers and are under the jurisdiction of the local Roman Catholic bishops. The Rumanian government supports Rumanian Greek Catholic priests better than Rumanian Americans could be expected to do. For this reason it is hard to attract Rumanian Catholic priests to this country. One American boy is at present studying in the Greek College of Saint Athanasios, Rome. A number of Rumanian Catholic parishes wait to be organized. One is specially needed in New York City. Rumanian Orthodoxy is disordered and its priests inadequately prepared for ministry in this country. Truly the harvest is great but the workers few.

Orthodox and Catholic Rumanians are closely united in heart. Their form of worship is derived from Constantinople; their blood is Romano-Dacian. The movement toward Catholic unity has gained great headway among Orthodox bishops and laity in Rumania. Rumania today holds in Orthodoxy the position formerly occupied by Russia. The million odd Rumanian Greek Catholics constitute an admirable bridge between Rome and Orthodoxy.

The Orthodox population of Rumania is 70 percent, the Catholic 15 percent, the Protestant 8 percent, the Jewish 5 percent and the Mohammedan .26 percent. Professor Nicholas Jorga does not place much faith in the intelligence of the Rumanian peasant mind in politics but, since King Carol has chosen the Greek Catholic Transylvanian Maniu as premier, it would seem that the new King relies on the peasantry that comprises 85 percent of the Rumanian population rather than on the intelligentsia, who are represented by his own restorer, Professor Jorga.

Is it not possible that the growth of Rumanian Greek Catholicism might add even to the stability of Rumanian politics? In any case, persons interested in Catholic unity, the liturgy, Byzantine art or agricultural Catholicism, ought not to overlook the Rumanian Greek Catholics in our midst. What linguist could fail to marvel at the ability of our American Greek Catholic Rumanian priests who in most cases are able to speak Latin, French, Magyar, German, Slavonic and English, as well as Rumanian?

M. GRAY.

BOOKS

The Marseillaise

France, A Nation of Patriots, by Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

THIS volume deals with "the means by which Frenchmen of the present day are rendered supremely patriotic, the agencies by which French national psychology is fashioned and fortified." Its aim is "to expound and explain a national psychology which has inspired Frenchmen to effect and maintain an extraordinary degree of national unity and national optimism not only during the awful military strain of 1914-18 but also during the unparalled economic stresses of the decade of reconstruction from 1919 to 1929."

This was a sufficiently formidable and complex task. Whether it has been performed as correctly and as thoroughly as the limits of human capacity would permit, the reviewer is not competent to judge. What he does not hesitate to assert is that the study could not have been planned or carried with greater objectivity, with stricter adherence to the scientific method or with a more sincere endeavor to consider all the pertinent facts and to interpret them with entire impartiality. These judgments will force themselves upon any unbiased reader of Professor Hayes's volume.

The author maintains that their national psychology is communicated to Frenchmen by agencies which operate in many modern countries, but that a distinctive influence has been exerted upon, and a distinctive element imparted to, the French national psychology by "historical circumstance." This peculiar —and unique—influence is described in the introductory chapter, entitled, The French Nationality. While the basic quality of the French national psychology is nationalism, the term does not, as used by the author, connote "militarism or imperialism or spread-eagleism." He intends it to denote merely that "supreme devotion which Frenchmen bear to their nationality and their patrie." The dominant historical cause of this national feeling, this supreme national loyalty, was the French Revolution. It arrested and depressed certain centrifugal forces in the national life and prepared the way for the great agencies of popular propaganda which during the nineteenth century produced a special national psychology.

The centrifugal forces, long active in France, are social cleavage, linguistic division and provincialism. At the same time, however, there flourished certain centralizing factors which fall under the heads of national institutions and national traditions. Chief among the former are politics and religion. The French government is the most highly centralized and the most formally national government now in existence. Despite modern anticlericalism and its divisive force, the unifying influence of the Catholic religion during many centuries made possible the later centralizing achievement of the state and explains the existing homogeneity in social usage and custom. Most prominent among the other unifying national traditions are those designated as military, missionary and colonial, economic and cultural.

While these traditions and institutions help to explain French nationality they do not of themselves fully account for the phenomenon. What is the explanation? According to the author, it is provided in part by that "lowest common denominator of the various French philosophies and patriotisms" which has been discovered and exploited by the French intellectuals, but even more by the "new engines of education and propaganda" which have impressed the aforesaid teaching of the in-

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tellectuals "on the minds of all Frenchmen while everything else has been slurred over and blurred." Hence, Frenchmen "are a nationality, with a national psychology which has real roots in ancient, mediaeval and modern tradition but which in latter times has artificially been pruned and trained in order to produce the perfect flower of supreme national loyalty."

Such is the author's thesis. The reviewer is not sufficiently acquainted with the history of France to warrant him venturing an answer to the question whether the thesis is proved in the subsequent chapters. At any rate, the introductory chapter is a marvel of analysis. It is concise, comprehensive and discriminating. The following eight chapters describe in detail the operations of the vast and complex national machinery for making patriots: The Government and the Bureaucracy, The Educational System, The Army and Navy, The Churches, The Press: Newspapers and Magazines, Radio and Cinema, National Societies, Symbols and Ceremonies. The last three chapters deal respectively with: The Making of Frenchmen in Alsace-Lorraine, The Propagation of Regionalism in France, International Propaganda in France.

To students and other discriminating readers not the least gratifying features of the work are its "documentation" and its index. There are five appendices which present extracts from typical school texts, a guide to teacher-societies, an informative list of periodicals and guides to daily newspapers, Parisian and provincial. Those who are acquainted with any of the other books written by Dr. Hayes will find that this one fully maintains his undisputed reputation as the master of an attractive and effective style.

JOHN A. RYAN.

He Is Arisen

Who Moved the Stone?, by Frank Morison. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

NOT the least interesting chapter in Mr. Morison's book is his account of how it came to be written. Sharing the prejudices of his age against the historicity of the Gospels and the possibility of miracles, its author had planned a short monograph on the last seven days of Christ's life. But he eventually found himself writing a work far different from the one he had planned. "Things emerged from that old-world story," he tells us, "which previously I would have thought impossible." Finding that the facts did not fit into the mold of dogmatic rationalism, he nevertheless resolved to follow them wherever they might lead.

The report of his conclusions begins with a detailed and searching study of Christ's trial before Caiaphas, and then goes on to investigate the activities of Judas and of Pilate. It is argued with considerable force that the Jewish authorities would have felt obliged to make sure of the procurator's willingness to condemn the Prisoner early on Friday morning, and that someone, probably Caiaphas himself, visited Pilate for this purpose late on Thursday evening. Pilate's wife (whose name and parentage are surely less certain than Mr. Morison implies) is then supposed to have learned of the interview from her husband, and her dream about Our Lord to have been thus suggested. It was the effect of Claudia's message which, according to Mr. Morison, can alone explain Pilate's attitude toward Christ. He is known from other sources to have been overbearing and truculent, and his efforts to free the Prisoner came, on the supposition of a previous understanding, as a surprise and disappointment to the Jews.

The chapters dealing with these events are well argued and well written. Especially forceful is the treatment of the witnesses' testimony. Their statements to the effect that Christ had threatened to destroy the temple and rebuild it were indeed conflicting, but all agreed in the mention of the three days' interval. Mr. Morison rightly regards this fact as strongly confirming the authenticity of Our Lord's reported prophecies of His Resurrection "after three days." "That He said this singular and almost unbelievable thing," Mr. Morison writes, "seems to me very nearly beyond the possibility of doubt."

In one important respect, however, Mr. Morison's account of Our Lord's trial is inadequate. The high priest's adjuration, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Living God?", was not, as certain critics would have it, a question merely concerned with the messiahship. "Son of God," as has been shown by Lagrange and Lebreton, was not a messianic title in general use. Its acceptance by Our Lord, followed as it was by the statement that He would sit on God's right hand, constituted a claim to divinity. Our Lord's "I am" (or its equivalent) was therefore "blasphemy," which a claim to be the Messiah would not have been, and made His condemnation certain. Had Mr. Morison interpreted Caiaphas's charge and Christ's acknowledgment more correctly, he would doubtlessly have emphasized a point which certainly concerns the problem he has so thoroughly studied.

The hours between Christ's condemnation and death are analyzed with interesting results concerning the probable whereabouts and activities of His followers. "Looking at all considerations squarely," says Mr. Morison, "we receive an impression of this far-off event which is not only true to the narrative but which is palpably true to life." "By all ordinary standards of human reasoning," he adds, "the mystery attached to the Person of Christ ought to have terminated with His death and burial." That it does not so end was the author's conviction after further study of the events that followed until the first Easter morning. "We are driven to the conclusion," he writes, "that when these women reached the tomb they really did receive the impresion that the Body had gone."

In the next chapter various hypotheses that have been offered to explain the Body's disappearance are carefully weighed and all found wanting. There follows what is perhaps the book's most powerful chapter, The Crux of the Historical Problem, in which Mr. Morison discusses the apostle's conviction that their Lord had risen, the effects of this conviction, the absence of all controversy as to the fact of the empty tomb, and the ease with which the Jewish authorities might have demolished the whole movement had they possessed contradictory evidence. "We cannot," the author very aptly says, "insist on the strict reign of causality in the physical world and deny it in the psychological."

After excellent chapters on the testimony of the most important witnesses, Peter, James and Paul, the effect of the book is completed. Its scholarship is impressive, its argument searching, and though its author has chiefly studied "liberal" critics, he is free from the arbitrary disregard of human realities that fequently characterizes their reasoning. Yet its effect is distinctly impaired by the final chapters, which deal with the problem from which the book gets its title, and with the identity of the young man in white garments whom the women found at the tomb. Mr. Morison concludes that the stone was moved by the guards because "something happened which caused one of the watchers hurriedly to awaken his companions and to proceed to a closer inspection of the tomb." What could have caused them *to break the seal*—a necessity ignored by the author, and aptly emphasized by the Dublin Review? Surely no ordinary

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occurrence could have led to such drastic and illegal action. And if something mysterious occurred, like St. Paul's vision on the road to Damascus, as Mr. Morison hints that it may have, this particular result would seem the most unlikely conceivable. As to the identity of the young man in white, Mr. Morison argues that in the primitive account he was an ordinary human being, probably the same young man who fled away naked from Gethsemane, and who is supposed to have run to the tomb on hearing from the guards that the Body had disappeared. This interpretation is, to say the least, highly debatable.

The final chapters are thus a disappointment, and the reader, having been led by skilful argument to the conclusion that the vacancy of Our Lord's tomb is a historic fact inexplicable on any natural grounds, is likely to feel a marked sense of anti-climax during the discussion of matters which are after all of very secondary importance.

Yet no Catholic can fail to be impressed by the book as a whole. Its arguments are to a great extent familiar to students of our own apologetics, but it presents these arguments in a singularly fresh and forceful way, and, if it has been advertised in a somewhat sensational tone, one may at least hope that it will give to a wide circle of non-religious readers the spectacle of a courageous sceptic who was really willing to follow the historical evidence of the Resurrection wherever it might lead.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

Claws

The Tiger (Georges Clemenceau), by George Adam. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE books upon the life, the character, the philosophy of life of Georges Clemenceau continue to appear—each heralded as the most penetrating interpretation of the man and his methods. Yet it may be assumed that, if this brilliant polemical and political writer of France could see the present rising tide of praise and flood of antipathy, which the books concerning himself have raised, he would probably greet all forms of criticism and praise with some pointed, but satirical, comments upon the uses of the dead as proselytizers.

This book deals with his political career, from the day when he was appointed mayor of Montmartre to the eleventh anniversary of Armistice Day, when four old soldiers of France, two on crutches, came to pay their respects to the Father of Victory. To these four heroes the Tiger said: "Don't expect any reward from the world around you—you have to seek that within yourselves; and I am sure that you will find it."

In these pages the fighter, the man of action, appears. It can be seen that he lived vividly, aggressively, and all persons who so live leave behind them many fellow-citizens, who can only see the fighter as a political enemy, the keen and caustic writer as an unpatriotic scribbler. These live too close to the political batttle to be able to place themselves in a true and accurate perspective. Thus for the moment we must expect, as a rule, partisan views upon this forceful personality. Though much within this book is old and will be considered as not of news value, it has this use—that it serves to show any student of human affairs that humanity in our own day is very like that of the later years of the nineteenth century.

The descriptions of the Boulanger incident and the Dreyfus trial are deeply interesting, in bringing out how the Wilson scandal, which involved a traffic in the Legion of Honor and other Republican decorations, was but a prelude to the fight over the political adventures of General Boulanger which provided Clemenceau with the opportunity to settle some of the matters

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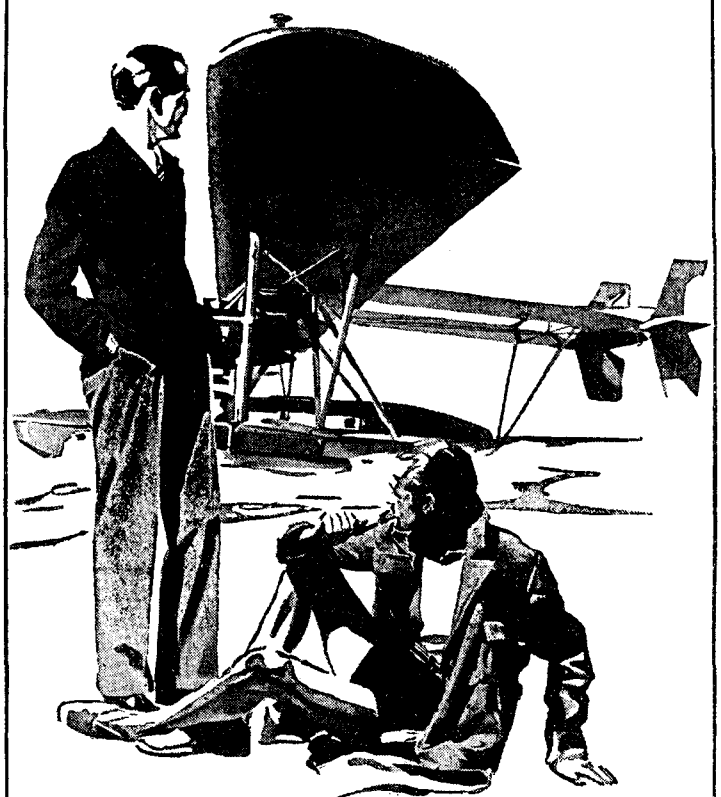

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which he considered he had outstanding with M. Grévy. In the case of Dreyfus, Clemenceau believed him guilty, but he was roused by the clear evidence that the conviction of Dreyfus had been obtained by a breach of the law. Slowly but steadily his mind turned as the evidence was examined and, when convinced, the columns of L'Aurore daily bombarded the general staff, until opinions changed and convictions faltered along the path of doubt. Though the fate of Captain Dreyfus hung in the balance, the French public gradually saw the vision that Clemenceau, Zola, Labori were in reality defending the republic against the reactionaries.

The author clearly traces the growth of Clemenceau's feelings against Germany. It should be remembered that he had seen and lived through the Franco-Prussion War of 1870, the Bismarck attempt to threaten France in 1875, the incident of Schnaebele, and the more modern menaces hidden under German activities at Tangier, Casablanca and Agadir. It was in connection with that of Casablanca that Clemenceau, when the German ambassador indicated a desire for his passports, made the astonishing reply: "The Cologne Express leaves at nine. It is only seven o'clock. Your excellency will have to hurry not to miss the train." Thereby summarily calling the ambassador's bluff.

This volume is well worth reading, though perhaps the most striking and distressing revelation of the book is that of the loneliness of Clemenceau, which became more and more pronounced in his last years. The politicians of France forgot him, when he could have been made president. They failed to visit him in his cottage near the Atlantic. Yet this is not after all so surprising, because the reward of real men is often to be forgotten, to be ignored by small men. It is still true, as Burke said, that "Little minds and great events go ill together."

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Spindles and Looms

Some Southern Cotton Mill Workers and Their Villages, by Jennings J. Rhyne. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

THIS is a study of 500 families, 2,362 persons, in four mill villages of Gaston County, North Carolina, each village being taken as representative of one of the four main types in the county: the rural mill village, the cotton mill town, the suburban mill villages, and the company town. Statistically it is the best study that has been undertaken on broad grounds; it gives a measure of conclusiveness to many questions already more than broached, especially in Lois MacDonald's Southern Mill Hills. Dr. MacDonald's book revealed more of the minds of the workers; Dr. Rhyne's is more satisfying as a factual enumeration.

Dr. Rhyne believes that the operative is generally indifferent toward welfare work, though most will agree with him that "the time has not yet arrived when welfare work can be entirely suspended by the manufacturers." The author does not take an optimistic view of the cotton mill worker's future so far as it depends upon his own ambition. The hopelessness of the poor white on the land is pretty much transferred with him to the cotton mill village, thinks Dr. Rhyne. The "lint-head" feels himself inferior to the rest of society, makes no contacts with the general community, does not conceive of himself as a citizen in good standing.

The organizing campaign now in progress in the South, backed by the American Federation of Labor in much more than a formal way, is based on the assumption that Dr. Rhyne's view of the cotton mill worker is incorrect, or at least that the

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southern operatives may be roused to collective action in their own behalf. The strikes which have occurred in the textile South since Dr. Rhyne wrote, particularly that of raw mill hands at Elizabethton, Tennessee, have done much to confirm the hopes of the Federation of Labor. And aside from these evidences, some who know the cotton mill worker well have always believed that he possesses not only an ability to understand his rights, but to fight for them with determination and, what is more, with wise moderation.

Dr. Rhyne is a little equivocal about the possibilities lying in the cotton mill population, but the following may be quoted as a typical statement: "The natural aversion of the worker toward effecting social relations with other groups, coupled with the nature of the mill village itself, seem to challenge the best efforts of social workers and others interested in the future of the textile population in the South." I think he is vastly mistaken. The sluggishness and lack of constructive independence in the Southern cotton mill worker are the inevitable consequences of his history and environment. He comes of precisely the same blood as the dominant class. There is no such thing, in the mill operative or anywhere else, as a "southern psychology" distinct from economic causation. The poor whites of the South have the lowest standard of living of any Anglo-Saxon people, not because they are inferior natively, but because they were banished from economic participation by slavery, and then, in the impoverished days of the early eighties, were rescued by the new industrialism only at the expense of subjection to the lowest wages, the longest hours and the unquestioned paternalism of the mill management.

As economic causes submerged them, economic alteration is now giving them a chance to develop their powers. The South is a focus of industrial activity. New employments besides the cotton factory are opening. Labor is bound to become scarcer. "Efficiency" methods are entering southern mills, and inviting revolt of workers. Public education has become a major purpose in the section. The South grows more and more urban. It is increasingly apparent that the operative is not a dolt. On the contrary, he begins to resent his disabilities, and is eager to coöperate with his fellows in collective union action. As a union member, and particularly as a striker, he shows remarkable loyalty, self-sacrifice, fervor and ability to reason.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

A Pilgrimage

Tramping to Lourdes, by John Gibbons. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THE reader walks through France in this selection of the Catholic Book Club for May. And that is something we have all wanted to do again since we read Belloc's Path to Rome. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of 600 miles of road, done, almost as a tramp, for a sickly infant at the instance of his wife and the urging of the London Universe. For the author tells only what he knows in a matter of fact way and with the phlegm traditionally attributed to our British cousins. The narrative is human, humble and dryly humorous. There are observations on people and manners and on trivial incidents, of which some are seemingly more than coincidences. Church, faith and prayer show new aspects in the light of his adventures and he recounts the miracle of happiness all experience at Lourdes. The story in the making was a hard, grimy time, but the reading is pleasant and absorbing although the print is rather fine for visual comfort.

JOHN K. SHARP.

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Briefer Mention

Rock Garden and Alpine Plants, by Henry Correvon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

THE rock garden is steadily gaining in popularity, not merely because it affords the born horticulturist a great deal of fun but also because it is peculiarly well suited to many landscape conditions obtaining in the United States. Henry Correvon is certainly one of the chief masters of this art, and his book is the finest thing of its kind yet offered the American public. It contains excellent chapters on such subjects as garden planning, discusses varying types of design and appends a remarkably complete catalog of available flowers. The illustrations, some of them in color, maintain a rare objectivity. Such a volume will be appreciated by everybody who is even partly a naturalist.

Of the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas Kempis. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

NEATLY bound in excellent leather, the present Oxford edition of the Imitation is one of the most attractive and usable pocket issues we have seen. It is well indexed and printed, the scriptural quotations are italicized, and the volume bears the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York even though the references are not to the Douay version. One curious error, however, proves that even the Oxford University Press may nod. The arrangement of the text in paragraphs according to Hirsche's edition is referred to as a "new feature." It was, however, adopted by Canon Bigg for his "revised translation"—one of the best and most scholarly small editions of the Imitation ever offered. Be that as it may, the Oxford Imitation should appeal to many in search of an appropriate gift.

Early German Romanticism, by Walter Silz. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

HERE is a study pure and simple by one who sought to throw light on two matters: the origin and definition of Romanticism, the character of Heinrich von Kleist. Professor Silz's comments on both are often suggestive and always well-considered, as witness his analysis of what "classic" and "romantic" meant to Friedrich Schlegel. Yet it is hard to feel that he has done more than add another guess to the considerable number already extant. May it not be dangerous to rely upon texts to the almost complete exclusion of social data? One misses a few items in the bibliography, notably Braig's life of Kleist.

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